

Same Old Ash Ketchum ::Part 1::

by Misty-chic

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Summary: Ash Ketchum is preparing for the Pokemon League, sort of...

Same Old Ash Ketchum ::Part
1::

Same Old Pallet Town, same old Ash

Ash woke up and stretched his arms to their fullest extent. Yawning, he sat up and gazed out of his window while running his fingers through his black hair. There was something about being back in Pallet Town that gave him a new kind of energy. One that shone in his eyes considerably. Ever since he had won his last, and final badge, home was his home again. He laughed just thinking about that, it was also Brock and Misty's home for the time being, and he was more than happy to have them. Friends stay friends, even though his relationship with Misty was a little rocky at times, they would always be together. Stretching once more, this time his legs, he placed his feet on the plush carpeting of his room and stood up. Pausing only to look at a small wallet sized picture, he walked out into the hallway, carefully shutting his door behind him.

The hallway, the entire house actually, smelled the same as it did exactly one year ago when he left on his Pokemon journey. Everything was familiar again, the small handprints on the walls were still there from when Ash was 5. he thought. Ash reached into the linen closet for his red towel, some soap and shampoo. At first knocking on the bathroom door, he stepped in to take his ritual morning shower. He often wondered why he woke up so early, and sometimes he slept in just to find out. Ash never had known how much time a teenage girl spent in the bathroom, doing things that she well could do in her room. Misty could spend hours at a time primping and straitening and painting, but she always looked the way she did before. Everything about her: her clothes, her hair, her eyes, her lips  was

unchanging. More importantly was why he had noticed that everything about her looked the same, was he waiting for a change constantly? There was a significant pattern here. As much as he enjoyed a daily routine, there was always something to be said for being spontaneous. _ so Ash began to sing in the shower, a practice that was hardly ever done, and that was exactly why he did it. Away he sang.

'Ash! Your 7 minutes of fame are over! Out!'

He silenced his crooning and turned off the already diminishing hot water. Taking his towel and wrapping it around his waist, he stepped out of the shower and peeked his head out of the door. Drops of water rolled down his face from his drenched hair. Misty had VERY aggravated expression on her small face. 'I thought it was 15 minutes.' He stated. 'Well, I'm not going to listen to you for another 8 minutes! Either take a shower silently or move it!'

Ash shrugged his shoulders, his singing annoyed her. While gathering his things, he flashed a quick (fake) smile at Misty and went to his room to change, knowing the bathroom wouldn't be free for at least an hour or two. On the left of the hallway was his and Brock's room. He had disregarded Brock's existence on the way to the shower, and he hoped that Brock wasn't awake on the count of him. But to Ash's relief Brock was asleep, and cuddled up close to his Teddy Bear, snoring too. And this was the man that said Ash had strange sleeping habits. He rubbed his head where small cuts had appeared a few days ago. Brock HAD mentioned something else, but he wasn't really paying attention to Brock then, or ever hardly. He was like the talented older brother he had never had. Perhaps too talented for Ash's taste: A great Chef, Knowledgeable about Pokemon, and a Gym Leader after all.

This was routine, too. All Ash needed right now was a little excitement in his life, he missed waking up and not knowing if you were going to have a near-death experience. He had had several in his badge gathering days, and he remembered every one of them. A recent one held his current trail of thought for a bit. Those Clefairy's could build and pilot some mean space-craft, that was for sure. Some quick thinking saved Misty and himself from possibly a life in outer-space, and Misty held tight to his waist as she, himself and Bulbasaur flew through the air. She needed him then, and it felt pretty good to be needed, lately, that was something he wasn't. Ash let out a quick sigh and fastened his belt around his waist. His jeans fell slightly loose around his legs, and his vest still came down to right below his waist. Lastly, he placed his hat on top of his still wet hair and left. Routine was not going to be part of his schedule today.

Misty sunk down below the surface of the warm/ cold water. Bubbles surrounded her and they smelled of a sweet jasmine essence. Scented candles adorned the bath tub, though they weren't lit, they smelled as fragrant as ever. She was enjoying waking up and starting off her day like this. Her clothes no longer smelled like Ash, which was the slightest of her problems. Misty spoke softly as if she was talking to another person, She shook her head as it emerged from beneath the water. She reassumed her position in the bathtub and relented how good it actually felt to be in civilization again. 2 months though and she'd be back on the road. A deep breath that she held in was soon let out in a drawn-out sigh. Maybe this year she would stop wearing her bathing suit in the bathtub. For her it was half habit,

half the voice of experience, but she wouldn't remember that event today. Right now she was hoping that Ash held the same feelings for her as she for him. Misty never needed a new bike after all, in fact the one Ash destroyed was a blessing and she wouldn't trade her time with him for anything. However, the bike was in great condition for its age and..s "No, that's silly." It was very hard pin-pointing just the right phrase to tell him. She wanted something short, sweet and smart, not stupid. "Why should anything so easy ever be so hard to do? I want to tell you. I really do. Oh, that has a nice ring to it, doesn't it Togepi?" Across the other end of the bathtub, a bouncing baby pokemon replied: "Togeprri! Bri!" "Why can't I understand you Togepi? Like Ash and Pikachu. Though, I don't suppose it would do much good anyway." Misty sighed. For the past 10 ½ months, Misty spent every chance she got rehearsing. Searching inside her to find those special words was just too hard, and he was just too good to say: "I love you." Still, for lack of anything better to say, they may be just the right ones "Toge?" said the baby. "Oh, Togepi, I'll tell him. Just you don't say anything okay?" Misty giggled. It seemed to understand her well enough. "Prii!" "Here." Misty stepped out of the full bathtub and wrapped a towel around herself. Then, lifting Togepi out of the water, she unplugged the drain. Just for effect and the pure joy of it, she blew out the candles and placed Togepi on the throw rug, who jumped up and down happily. Misty changed into her traditional yellow tank top, jean shorts and suspenders and pulled her hair up into a pony tail on the left side of her head. "Wait.." She hesitated and then pulled the rubber band out of her hair, letting it fall down to her shoulders. Inside her back-pack were some clothes, different clothes, which she immediately put on, "So, What d'ya think Togepi?" "Bri.." Togepi opened his mouth in awe, his mother looked beautiful as ever. Misty smiled, today would be the day, so what was she going to say to him?

Ash stood in front of the Pallet Town Pokemon Center, and straightened his hat. Any new challengers were sure toast today. Then, he remembered his vow for today. This was something that he did every morning at 11:00 am, in 30 minutes, he would be fighting with Misty. But today, Ash wasn't going to fight with Misty. He was hoping she wasn't going to provoke him into screwing up his non-routine day. Ash looked at his feet, and let out a deep breath. He walked home and realized that his routine was fun, that was why he did it everyday. By changing the way he lived his life, it didn't change the world around him. But a promise made to himself, was a promise not to be broken, that he was going to make sure of. For now, he was the same old Ash Ketchum. He stared at a flyer stuck to bottom of his shoe. Reading it, he ripped the hat off of his head and threw it into the dust, slamming his foot down on top of it. "Lousy day." He mumbled. His eyes now lost the special shine, his ambitions were beginning to fade. He would never be the best, and his life was at an all-time low. Ash let a huge breath of air in and felt a warm breeze blow over him. He squinted his eyes and looked toward the sun, deciding, and nodding in agreement with the wind.

_ "Ash, I just wanted to tell you, what I'm trying to say to you.." Misty pounded her fist onto her dresser, "No! Why doesn't it ever come out right?" She threw on her old clothes and pulled her hair back up again. "There." And she grabbed her backpack and clenched her fist. 11:30 am: Time to fight with Ash Ketchum. _

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End
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